

DEENIE FOLKS

AND FRIENDS of THEIRS



By JO McMAHON

1925
art.



HERE THERE

AT TEN
ON THE CR
NOTHING WILL HAPPEN
NOBODY WILL BE THERE
COME ONE
COME ALL!

6.00



DEENIE FOLKS

AND FRIENDS of THEIRS



Mary Allen

DEENIE FOLKS

AND FRIENDS of THEIRS

by
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by
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THE DEENIE MAN'S HOME

A deenie man is a faerie man just about as high as the seat of a kitchen chair.

One named Poppmak was trotting down a country lane, as fast as he could travel. He had a red pencil behind his ear and a copper hammer under his arm.

"Oh me, oh my!" he whimpered. "Ch me, oh my, oh me! How my poor tired feet do ache! I wonder just how much farther I'll have to—"

And then he stopped short and listened. His mouth popped open and his eyes grew big and round with surprise, for behind the hedge beside the path he heard a funny sound. It was a bit like a "cluck" and something like a "moo" and a good deal like a "grunt!"

"Now, that's very queer!" said Poppmak. "I've heard a 'cluck' and I've heard a 'moo' and I've often heard a 'grunt.' But never before have I heard a sound like a cluck-and-a-moo-and-a-grunt! I think I'd better look and see."

So he did.

And what do you think?

There stood a big fat hen as large as a pig, beside a cute little cow no taller than a pig! Behind them stood a pig.

"What are you looking for, Deenie Man?" asked the hen.

"Do you think you'll find it?" asked the cow.



"What'll be the good if you do?" asked the pig.

"I'm looking for a house to build, I need a place to live," answered Poppmak. "Perhaps you could help me—come along all three."

So they did. The hen trotted along at his right hand, the cow ambled along at his left. The pig trailed along behind.

Well, they walked and they talked and they went about a mile, when they came to a milestone with a neat little one-room house on top.

Poppmak stood before it for a moment, nodding his head and softly whistling "Pop, goes the weasel" to himself.

Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind and turning to his friends he said, "Here's a pretty good house. Perhaps I had better build it. What do you think, all three?"

"Fine," said the hen.

"Good," said the cow.

"Maybe," said the pig after a long, long pause.

But the deenie man had forgotten them all, even before they answered. He stood there doing a lot of important looking figuring on the back of an envelope. He was planning out his work. Finally, when the envelope was so completely covered with numbers and letters and queer little designs that there was room to write more he threw it away, saying, "Quite right, quite right. Exactly so," and began to bustle about, paying no attention to his companions, even when he stumbled over one or another of them in his haste.

He hung his hat on a bush, threw his coat on the grass and rolled up his little sleeves. Then he began to hammer, *tap-tap-tap*, on a nail in the roof of the wee little house.

Out flew a bluebird crying, "Look here, look here! I say, what's this? What do you mean with your hammer?"

"I was thinking that I would build this house," said Poppmak, pausing in his work.

"Stupid!" said the bluebird. "Everything is finished."

"Oh!" said Poppmak. "I beg your pardon, so it is!"

I really hadn't noticed," and putting on his hat and coat again, he called to his companions, "Come along all three, we'll travel."

So they did—the hen at his right hand, the cow at his left and the pig trailing on behind.

Well, they walked and they talked and they went about a mile, when they came to an apple tree. On one of the branches was a little dormer window, with calico curtains.

"Now, just look at that!" cried Poppmak, with delight. "I don't believe I've ever seen a nicer house to build. What do you think, all three?"

"The view will be good," said the hen.

"The air will be fine," said the cow.

"You'll soon get tired of climbing up and down," said the pig.

But again the deenie man paid no attention to their answers. He was already climbing the tree. The heavy copper hammer gave him a good deal of trouble, but he managed to scramble up at last, out onto the branch beside the little window.

"What jolly fun it will be to build this," he chuckled to himself. "See, first I'll make this window and hang up



these curtains to blow in the breeze. Then I'll build this roof and top, to keep the rain out. Just like this," and *tap-tap-tap* he began to pound away with all his might.

"What's the idea? What's that? Who's here?" shouted a woodpecker, poking his head angrily out from behind the window-curtains.

"Why, I was thinking of building this house for a home," said Poppmak politely.

"That *would* be a good idea," agreed the woodpecker. "But I don't see how you can. Everything is finished."

"Oh!" said Poppmak. "I beg your pardon, so it is! I really hadn't noticed," and dropping down out of the apple tree he called to his companions, "Come along all three, we'll travel."

So they did, the hen at his right hand, the cow at his left and the pig trailing on behind.

Well, they walked and they talked and they went about a mile until at last they reached a wet brook where an alligator worked. He got fifty cents a day for being a bridge, with his head on one side and his tail on the other.

So they crossed over. And what do you think?

They found a gate, a gate without any fence! There it



stood, all-soul-alone in the middle of a field. It swung between two high red posts which had a bit of roof across the top, just for the looks of it.

"Hello! What's this?" cried Poppmak, beginning to scurry about and grow excited. Why, this is the best place yet! This will be a *wonderful* place to build!"

"Just the house for a deenie man," said the hen.

"It couldn't be better," said the cow.

"Don't ask me," said the pig. "I'm not going to live in it."

As usual, Poppmak paid no attention to their replies, but began to bustle about with his copper hammer. First he gave a *tap-tap-tap* on one of the high, red gate-posts. Then he waited a bit and looked all around. Nobody appeared, no one said anything. "Good! That's lucky," he chuckled, and hopping across to the other big post he gave it a couple of thumps. Then he waited again. Still nobody spoke. "Quite right, quite right," he said at last. "This shall be my home—my new home. How well the work has gone today—both of these are finished," he went on pointing to the gate-posts. "Now there's nothing else to do but build the roof."

So he climbed up top and as usual, began to *tap-tap* here and *tap-tap* there in an aimless sort of way. Soon he seemed satisfied. "Fine. That's good," he suddenly said and jumping down he joined his friends.

"What do you think of that, all three?" he asked.

"I like it," said the hen.

"So do I," said the cow.

"Hmp!" grunted the pig, who simply *wouldn't* be satisfied with anything at all. "How are you going to feed yourself? Where are you going to sit?"

"Oh, that will be all right," said Poppmak, who all the time had been tugging away at something in his pocket. "See?" and he showed them a little leather bag, just about the size of a slice of bread.

The hen and the cow both squeezed up close to watch. The pig paid no attention, but yawned and turned away.

And then the deenie man began to take ever and ever so many things out of the bag. Tiny hats and toy tables, and sleds and wheelbarrows, and teeny-weeny pianos and goodness knows what else! And none of them were any larger than a two-cent stamp!

Two or three times the little bag seemed to be entirely empty, but Poppmak would simply give it a bit of a shake and go right on taking out more and more and more! And none of the odds and ends were any bigger than this.



"Why, cluck! cluck! cluck!" cackled the hen, as she began to hop around among the things in great excitement. "I do declare! This is really quite remarkable! I've never seen anything so beautiful in all my born days!"

"Nor I!" said the cow.

"But tell me, Deenie Man," asked the hen, "how can you use them in your house? They are all so very small!"

"Don't be impatient," said Poppmak. "I'm not through yet. Just you watch a moment."

He had taken fifty-five or sixty different things out of the bag by now and he began to sort them carefully. He would whisper to himself, "I'll not want this," or "I'll not want that," and whatever it happened to be, he would pop it back into the bag again. Two or three times the little bag seemed to be entirely full, but Poppmak would simply give it a bit of a shake and go right on putting in more and more and more! Finally he put the bag back into his pocket.

"There," he said, pointing to the few things which he had set aside to use. "That should be a plenty."

There were a couple of little candles no thicker than

matches, a wee little rocking-chair, and a half a dozen pots and pans.

"Watch a moment," he said again—and what do you think he did?

First he took the teeny-weeny rocking-chair over to the gate-way and stood it right between the two red posts. Then he gave it a gentle poke. It began to rock back and forth. He didn't have to poke it again for it kept right on rocking, all by itself. And as it rocked it grew larger and larger! It didn't do any creaking or groaning, but simply seemed to swell up bigger and bigger, the way that a toy balloon does when you blow it up!

When it had grown large enough for him to sit in comfortably, he suddenly slapped his little hands together and cried out, "That will do! That will do! Don't get any bigger!" and although the chair kept right on rocking away as before, it stopped growing.

"Well!" whispered the hen.

"Well!" whispered the cow.

Poppmak then stuck the two tiny candles on top of the roof and lighted them. At first they looked exactly the same as any two little candles might look, on a baby's birthday cake, but soon they changed. Like the chair, they began to grow up! Taller and fatter and brighter they became, until they had grown large enough to suit the deenie man. Then he simply blew them out. Of course that kept them from getting any larger.

"Will they grow any more when you light them again?" asked the hen.

"That's what I was wondering," said the cow.

"Hush," said Poppmak. "Don't bother me. I'm thinking." And so he was.

He stood there staring at the little heap of tiny pots and pans. Now and then he would turn and look all around as if he were searching for something. At last he noticed, off to one side, a tangle of blackberry bushes along a stone wall.



"Just what I need," he chuckled, and trotting over to them he picked a handful of the berries. Coming back he dropped one into a little kettle and, squatting down beside it, began to fan it with his hat just as if there were a fire burning underneath. The kettle commenced to bubble and steam and began to grow a bit. As soon as it was large enough he would pop in another blackberry and then another and another. When the kettle had become about the size of an egg he said sharply, "That'll do! That'll do! That's big enough!" and he slapped his hat back upon his head. The kettle stopped growing. "You're big enough now for making soup," said Poppmak as he hung it on the gate.

And then, in the same way, he enlarged all the others, putting in blackberries one at a time and fanning them with his hat. As each pan grew large enough he would hang it up beside the first until at last he had a shining row of them all along the top of the gate. That was for his kitchen.

Then the Deenie Man looked all around until he found a little piece of wood. He shook his head a minute then he wrote something on it. When he finally had it fixed to please him he took a little hammer out of his pocket and nailed the sign over his doorway. The sign said, "Deenie Man's House—Everybody Welcome."

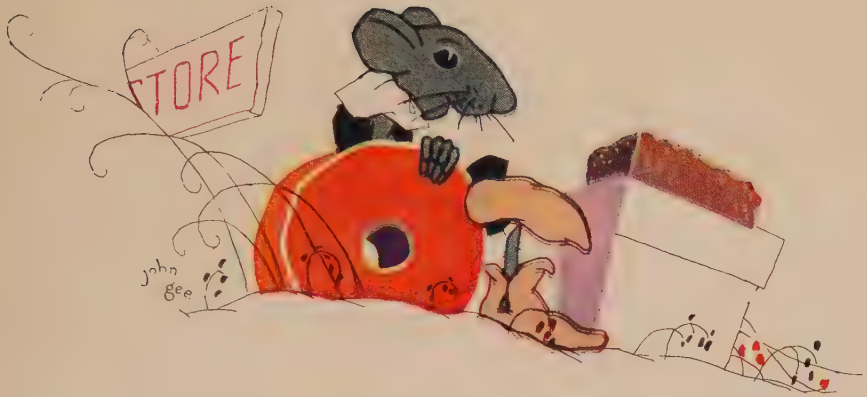
He said nothing when he had finished. He was all tired out after doing so much magic. He stretched a great big stretch and he yawned a great big yawn and then sat down to rest in the little chair which had gone right on rocking all the time, while waiting for him.

"This certainly is a comfort," he remarked with a happy sigh. "Now I think I have a darling home. What do you think, all three?"

"It's perfectly grand!" said the hen.

"It's just too sweet," said the cow.

But the pig said nothing at all because he had started home ahead of his friends and was already half-way back to the alligator—the alligator who got fifty cents a day for being a bridge, with his head on one side and his tail on the other.



THE GROCER MOUSE

ONCE there was a mouse. He found a piece of gingerbread.

"Now isn't that just too bad," he said. "Here's a lovely piece of gingerbread, and I love lovely gingerbread, but I'm not the least bit hungry and I couldn't eat a bite. Oh dear, oh dear, oh what shall I do?" and he began to worry and fuss about.

Suddenly he brightened up and said with a squeaky little chuckle, "Oh! I know, I'll build a store!"

And he did.

First he got an empty box, that was for the counter and there he put the piece of gingerbread.

"And perhaps I should have a chair," he said, "for I'll surely get very, very tired waiting upon so many customers," and so he made one. It gave him a lot of trouble at first but he finally built himself a pretty good little rocking-chair out of a big red spool. Then he sat down to wait.

"Now," said he, "I'm a grocer. And pretty soon I shall be very rich. How jolly!" and smiling happily he began to rock slowly back and forth with his wee little paws folded across his fat little tummy.

"Let me see," he went on, "I'll sell this piece of gingerbread for two cents. If five people buy it that will make



ten cents. But wait a moment, that can't be, they wouldn't! So if I want to get ten cents, I guess that I'll have to sell it to ten people for ten, oh dear, my head is getting tired, I'll never figure it out! But I'll try just once more," so scowling thoughtfully he began to count with his fingers.

"One, two, three," right up to ten, "one, two, three, four," right on up to ten, over and over again until he got so puzzled and drowsy that he fell fast asleep.

He had not been dozing long when he was startled by a "thump-thump!" on the counter. There stood a rabbit with a silly little smile.

"Good morning, grocer," said the rabbit.

"Good morning, rabbit," said the mouse. "What will you have today?"

"I believe," said the rabbit, standing on one foot and wiggling his nose, "I believe I'll have some lettuce."

This troubled the mouse a bit at first, but then he smiled and said, "Would you like some gingerbread?"

"No, lettuce," replied the rabbit.

"Oh, lettuce," said the mouse, "but I haven't any!"

"Well, goodbye then," said the rabbit and he left.

The mouse sat down in his rocking-chair and he thought and thought and thought. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and cried, "Why, of course! I must get some lettuce! I can't seem to sell gingerbread."

So he took the gingerbread and away he went. By and by he came to a farm where he found a nice old man counting potatoes.

"Good morning, farmer," said the mouse.

"Good morning, mouse," said the farmer, "What will you have today?"

"Lettuce," said the mouse. "Will you please give me a head of lettuce for this piece of gingerbread?"

"Surely," said the farmer and he did.

"Thank you," said the mouse, and he trotted back home. He was busily arranging his counter once more when a



song-sparrow came down the lane, whistling a beautiful song. A summer song all about the winter's gone away and I'm happy all the day and grass and warm breezes and brooks full of water, and he had just reached the very high, sweet part about Oh, I love everything ever so much, when he caught sight of the mouse and his little store.

"Good morning, grocer," said the sparrow.

"Good morning, sparrow," said the mouse. "What will you have today?"

"Wheat," said the sparrow.

"Wouldn't you rather have lettuce?" asked the mouse.

"No, wheat," said the sparrow.

"Oh, do have some lettuce!" coaxed the mouse.

"But I want wheat!" said the sparrow, beginning to fidget about.

"Oh, I see," said the mouse. "But I haven't any."

"Well, goodbye then," said the sparrow and away he went whistling.

"Now, that's very strange," thought the mouse, scowling and scratching his ear. "Lettuce doesn't seem to be the right thing to sell after all! I guess I'll have to get some wheat—yessir, get some wheat."

So he took the lettuce and away he went. By and by he came to a mill where he found a nice old man grinding corn.

"Good morning, miller," said the mouse.

"Good morning, mouse," said the miller, "What will you have today?"

"Wheat," said the mouse. "Will you please give me a little wheat for this fine head of lettuce?"

"It is a fine head of lettuce to be sure," said the miller, slowly turning it 'round and 'round.

"I know, but will you please give me a wee bit of wheat for it?" asked the mouse again.

"Oh, yes, why to be sure," said the miller at last, and he gave the mouse a big double handful.

"You're very good," said the mouse, and he started for home.

Before going very far he met a little girl whose eyes were full of tears.

"Well, well!" said he. "I don't understand this! You've got pink cheeks and you're five years old and I think your dress is darling. Why should you be sad?"

"Oh, mouse dear," said the little girl, trying very hard to be brave although one big tear did roll down her nose. "I've lost my gingerbread."

"Oh," said the mouse.

"And I'm so fond of gingerbread."

"Oh," said the mouse.

"And that was the very last piece," she added.

"Oh," said the mouse again. "You don't know how sorry I am. But wait a bit before you cry, perhaps I can get it back. I'll tell you what! You come with me and we'll see what can be done." Then, whirling about, he led the way rapidly back to the mill.

"I say, miller," he called out to the man, "will you please take back your wheat? Will you give me my lettuce again?"

"Will I what?" asked the miller, first bowing gravely to the little girl.

"Will you take back the wheat," repeated the mouse, "and give me the lettuce again?"

"Why, certainly," said the miller. "Here's your lettuce. But do keep the bit of wheat. Goodness knows, I've plenty."

"Thank you kindly," squeaked the mouse, and away he hurried once more, followed by the little girl.

They crossed a field of clover and crawled beneath a fence and out behind the barn they found the farmer, mending his rake with a piece of wire.

The mouse sat down on the woodshed step until he got his breath.

"Farmer," he said at last, "will you please take back your lettuce? Will you let me have the gingerbread again?"

"Why, certainly, I don't mind," laughed the farmer, and he went and got the gingerbread and gave it to the mouse. "But keep the lettuce," he added pleasantly. "Just look over there—I've eleven rows in my garden."

"So you have," said the mouse, "but I thank you just the same," and he gave the gingerbread to the little girl.

"You see," he explained to the farmer-man, "it really belongs to her. She lost it and I found it. Then you got it."

"I thank you, too," said the little girl and she and the mouse started off together.

"It was very kind of you to get my gingerbread again," she said to her wee little friend as they strolled home. "And, oh, what fun! You still have the lettuce and the wheat! Why don't we have a party?"

"Fine," said the mouse. "Come along with me. We'll have it on the counter of the grocery store."

The little girl agreed and away they went.

Soon they came to a tree in which the sparrow sat, singing his summer song.

Beneath it lay the rabbit, on his back, in the grass, smiling his silly little smile.

"Isn't this lucky?" laughed the mouse. "Let's ask them to the party, too."



john gee

"Yes, let's do! That will be just fine," said the little girl, and she called out to the sparrow. "Bird! Oh, bird! Come along with us. We're going to have a party."

"Chippy-toot! Chippy-toot! That will be nice," sang the song-sparrow, and he flew down from the tree.

"Rabbit! Oh, rabbit! Come on over here," shouted the mouse. "We're going to give a party."

"Ooh! How jolly!" chuckled the rabbit as he sprang up and joined them.

Then they all travelled along together.

Soon they reached the store. "There!" said the mouse. "At last we're here," and bustling about, he arranged all the food upon the counter.

"What, lettuce?" cried the rabbit, wiggling his nose and wagging his tail.

"Yes, and it's all for you," said the mouse.

"What do I see? Some wheat?" chirped the sparrow.

"Yes, and it's all for you," said the mouse.

"And I have my gingerbread," said the little girl. "But mouse, what is there for you?"

"Why, I really don't know. I hadn't thought of that," said he, scratching his ear.

"Then we must all share with you!" cried the rest, and they did so. The little girl broke her gingerbread in half, the rabbit picked out the tenderest leaves of his lettuce and the song-sparrow divided the wheat into two neat little heaps.

"You're very good to me," said mouse. "I thank you very much. But now that everything is divided, let's all sit down and eat."

So down they sat, the sparrow-bird at one side of the little girl and the rabbit at the other. The mouse sat facing her across the counter, rocking back and forth in his red-spool chair.

And as they ate they sang a song that went,

"What jolly things we have to eat!

Lettuce and gingerbread and wheat!"

The little girl thought up the words and the sparrow made the music. The mouse and the rabbit both joined in and they all sang away together. My, but it was lots and lots of fun!

When the party was over they thanked the mouse and left. The sparrow flew up out of sight. The rabbit slipped quietly away through the grass. The little girl went home to tell her mother.

"Well, well," said the mouse, with a happy sigh, "I like my little store," and sitting down again in his little red chair, he began rocking to and fro. "Yes," he repeated as he looked about, "I like it very much indeed. I seem to have made no money, but I have become rich just the same, for I've made three friends today. Three friends," he went on, counting them on his fingers. "First the rabbit, second the sparrow, and third the little girl. First the rabbit, second the sparrow, third the little girl," he murmured again and again, until the first thing that he knew he was fast asleep.

Don't make a noise. You might wake him up!





THE CANDY PIG'S BATTLE

ON a shelf in a shop stood a candy pig. Right in the center of a pewter plate, with a circle of peppermints and lollipops around him. Beside the plate stood a striped cat, a plaster cat with a whistle underneath. He had stubby ears and a long, long tail. On the shelf below was an Easter rabbit with a stubby tail and two long ears.

The candy pig was grumbling.

"If it were not for the children, I might live to be as old as old could be," said he. "But they always gobble us up as soon as they see us. I declare it's a shame to treat us so. Something must be done."

Of course candy pigs should always be sweet, but this one was made in two pieces and the halves didn't match. It was probably that which made him cross.

"Yes-s-s-s, you're right," whistled the striped cat, "but what's-s-s-s to be done? I'm s-s-s-sure that I don't s-s-s-see."

"Well, I know what *I'm* going to do," said the candy pig. "I'll get a great and terrible army and then I'll have a tremendous battle with all the children. Then we shall see, *then* we shall see! Will you join me?"

"S-s-s-surely," whistled the striped cat.

"Good," grunted the candy pig, "now you're my soldier.

But I do wish that I could get somebody else. With only you to help, I'm afraid that the battle may not be tremendous enough."

Just then the Easter rabbit peeked over the edge of the shelf.

"Why, look! He'll do," said the pig to the cat. Then he said "hello" to the rabbit.

The Easter rabbit never said a word.

"Do you want to come too?" asked the candy pig.

The Easter rabbit nodded in a sleepy sort of a way and climbed wearily up onto the shelf beside them. There he stood rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Fine and dandy," said the candy pig as he hopped out of the pewter plate, "At last I have a great and terrible army! Are we ready? Shall we start?"

"C-c-c-certainly," whistled the striped cat.

And so, away they went with a lollypop for a battle-flag.



Of course the candy pig was the captain, so all the time he kept saying, "ONE, two, three, four; ONE, two, three, four," over and over again. The Easter rabbit carried the lollypop-dag over his shoulder and stumbled drowsily along between the pig and the cat. They had to keep him in the middle, because he was almost asleep and they didn't want to lose him.

They traveled along for quite a long while, getting braver and braver and braver, when all of a sudden they heard somebody coming. So they hid behind a Mother Goose book. But the striped cat left his tail sticking out and so he was discovered.

The candy pig was so excited that he never stopped to see who it was who had caught the striped cat, but hurried away as fast as he could scamper, calling back over his shoulder, "Come on Rabbit! Hurry up soldier!"

The Easter rabbit was much too sleepy to get excited, but he gave a nod and a great big yawn and trotted after the candy pig as well as he was able.

Bye and bye the pig spoke up, "I'm not afraid. Are you?"

The rabbit gave a little start and then he shook his head. With a tired little sigh he changed the lollypop over to the other shoulder and seemed about to speak.

But he didn't, for all of a sudden they heard another noise. Somebody else was coming!



"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried the candy pig, and the tears came into his eyes. "We small wee ones do have *such* hard times!" and he began to rush wildly about looking for another place where they could hide.

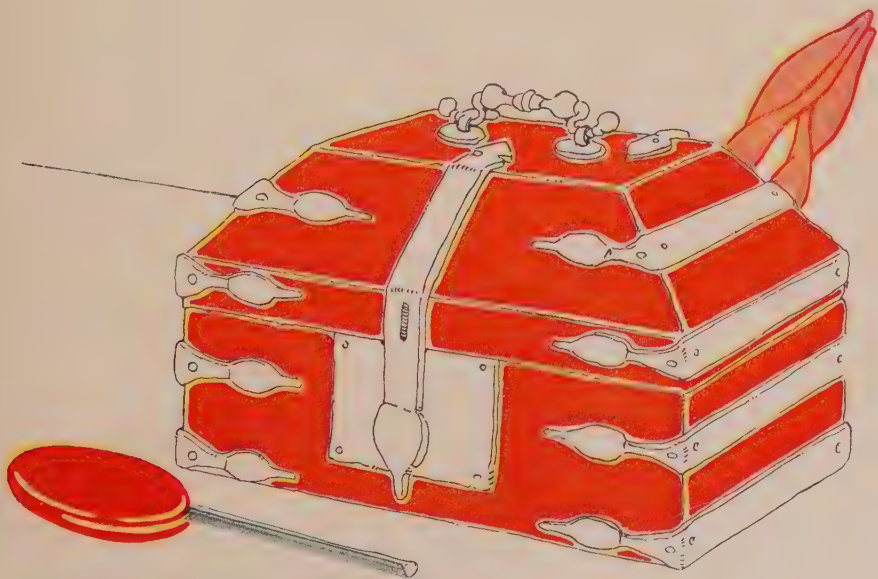
First they popped into a basket that stood nearby, but it was a sewing-basket and the scissors and pins and darning-needles frightened them both away.

"Under here! Come under here!" cried the candy pig, but all the time he was only running 'round and 'round in a circle, with the Easter rabbit racing madly along behind him.

The noise grew louder! And nearer!

This was too much for the candy pig. With a dismal howl he rolled over on his back and began to pound his heels and cry.

This was too much for the Easter rabbit. He grew desperate. Gathering the wiggly candy pig up in his arms, he sprang behind a chest. A red-leather chest with copper handles. Side by side they cuddled down, as still as still could be. But the rabbit's two long ears stuck up over the top, and so *he* was discovered!



The candy pig never stopped to see who it was who had caught the Easter rabbit but galloped away with his tongue hanging out, calling back over his shoulder, "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go! Let me alone!"

But nobody was following him, so finally he stopped galloping and began to trot. Still he saw nobody, so he stopped trotting and began to walk instead. He just tip-toed along very quietly for a while, but soon he began to grow bolder.

"What a wonderful soldier I must be!" he said to himself at last, in a big brave voice. "I'm the only one remaining of a great and terrible army. Very well, I'll have my tremendous battle with the children all alone. Then we shall see, *then* we shall see! But perhaps I shouldn't speak so loud," he went on in a wee little voice. "Somebody might hear my wonderful plans."

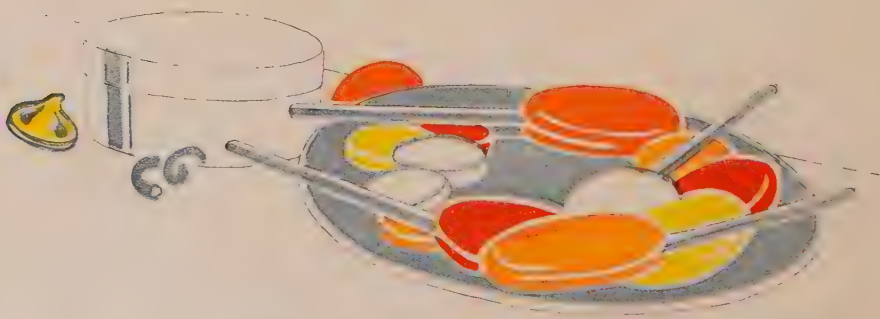
So he travelled along alone, just thinking.

He thought of all the things he meant to do, and of all the things he meant to see and of how he would build himself a barley-candy pig-pen where he would live to be an old, old pig.

But he got no further with his planning for *again* he heard a noise! So close this time that he stood stock-still. He couldn't even think.

A little girl appeared.

"Goody!" she cried. "A candy pig!" and she ate him all up. That's all right. That's what candy pigs are for.





THE FAERIE INN

HERE'S what happened.

The day was bright, the sky was clear, the sun was toasty-warm. Merle was dozing on the hill-top. All about, on every side, were lots of berry bushes. Blue berries.

Merle wasn't sleepy, but the sun was so bright that he was laying there with his eyes closed, thinking. And what do you think he saw?

A funny little faerie man was hustling up the hill! He was skipping along in a rattle-headed, zigzag sort of a way, tumbling here and tripping there and stumbling all about, for he was so completely bundled up that he couldn't see where he was going. He wore a long raincoat away down to his heels, a pair of high boots that came up to his hips, and fuzzy red gloves on his hands. He was carrying a huge green umbrella which entirely hid his head and shoulders.

Merle sat up with a start of surprise, staring with all his might, but the deenie-man disappeared.

"That's strange! I'm sure I wasn't dreaming," said Merle, rubbing his eyes with both fists.

And the moment his eyes were closed he could see the faerie man again, farther away now, scurrying through the berry patch faster than before.

Merle sprang to his feet and raced after him, but again the little fellow was gone. Merle searched high and low, behind the rocks and under the bushes, everywhere in sight, but no faerie could he find.

"Now where in the world can he be?" he wondered. "I'm sure I saw him twice. And the queerest thing about it is that I only saw him when my eyes were closed! How could that have been? Let's try it again," and he closed his eyes.

He saw no deenie-man this time, but a few feet away was a jolly little house! His eyelids gave the least bit of a flutter, but he caught himself in time.



The house was a tiny affair, no larger than a kitchen table, and had a thatched roof just showing over the tops of the berry bushes.

"I'll keep them closed," he decided. "If I'm to see what's going on I must keep my eyes shut fast."

Keeping his eyes tightly closed, Merle crept closer and closer. He placed his hand against the wall and found that it was made of sand. Soft sand, soft like the sugar in the sugar-bowl.

"Ooh! I must go easy. I mustn't touch," he exclaimed, gently smoothing out the fingerprints that he had made. "But where's the door? Where are the windows?"

He walked around the house. He found no windows, but on the farther side was a little green door with red flannel hinges. Over the door was a sign that said, "INN."

"Oh, I know," he said. "An inn is where you go in to eat. Perhaps the little man I saw is here!"

He put his ear to the chimney-top to listen. He heard a paper rustling and then a wee voice said, "It says here that along about lunch-time a little lad by the name of Merle will be dropping in to pay us a visit."

"I wonder if he means me?" said Merle to himself in the greatest of excitement.

"Now what do you all think of that for news?" went on the speaker down the chimney. At this a chorus of little voices began chattering away together.

"There's a lot of them!" said Merle.

Although he felt tremendously excited he remembered not to open his eyes, even for a wink. "There's a lot of them," he said, "and he's reading a letter or something to them! Oh, I must see. I *must* see them!"

Again the reader's voice spoke up above the rest of the hubbub, saying, "Along about lunch-time? Why it's all of that now. Merle can't be far away. Listen, everybody."

All became quiet. Not even a murmur did Merle hear. He hesitated a moment. Then suddenly making up his mind, he stooped down and gave two or three raps at the door with his knuckles. That is to say, first he gave a sharp rap but the second tap sounded soft, and then at the third thump he found himself inside the little inn, still holding up his hand

to knock again. The door was behind his back! It really hadn't opened, but now he was inside. This was a bit confusing, but he didn't stop to consider how queer it all was for he was too surprised at the scene before him.

He was in a cozy little room and the walls were full of windows, but the place was lighted entirely by stars! There were about two quarts of them in a goldfish bowl, for a lamp on the mantel.

Quite a crowd of faerie men and a couple of rabbits, brown ones, were sitting around a long table drinking root-beer out of little corn-cob cups.

Seeing Merle, they all arose and bowed, saying, "We are very glad to see you, we are glad that you are here." They spoke up and down in sing-song voices, making a sort of a chorus. One of the rabbits took the highest note and held it for quite a while after all the rest had stopped. Then they all sat down again and began to chatter away as before.

Two of the deemie-men were at the far end of the room. One was seated on a five-legged stool with a tiny newspaper in his hands. This was the paper which Merle had heard rustling when he listened at the chimney-top. He was the inn-keeper, because he had on a little white apron. Cuddled down asleep at his feet, beside an empty saucer of milk, was a field mouse purring like a kitten.

The other faerie was the little chap that Merle had seen scampering through the berry patch. Now he was standing before the fireplace, holding the long raincoat over his arm and wildly waving one leg about, trying to kick off his long boot. In the corner stood his big green umbrella.

"Why, hello," said Merle at last. "I saw you. I saw you outside. But tell me, why were you wearing all those things? It's not raining out."

"Ah, but you don't understand, Merle," said the faerie seriously. "'Tis not the rain that scares us, but I got caught out in the daylight and had to cover up. You see, if the sun



ever hits one of us brown dwarfs, it turns him into a stone. A white stone."

"He's right," spoke up the inn-keeper. "That's where lucky-stones come from. And that's why we have no windows outside of the inn. We have them inside so that we can look out, but we have to be very careful to have none outside, or the sun would shine in. That's why we didn't open the door when you knocked. We could take no chances. But we were glad to let you slip through. 'Tisn't often that we wee people have a visit from any of you big folks. But take a seat, lad, take my seat. I've got to get busy."

He jumped up and began to bustle about at his house-work.

Merle sat down and watched not forgetting, however, to keep his eyes closed tightly all the time.

In the fireplace beside him was a jolly kettle full of barley soup, bubbling and steaming away.

"But there's no fire under it!" said Merle. "Why does it boil?"

"Hush," whispered one, "it doesn't know the difference."

"I don't understand. Just what do you mean?" asked Merle.

"Well, a kettle doesn't know anything, does it?" asked the faerie man.

"Of course not," said Merle.

"Well, then," went on the faerie, "why should we build a fire on such a hot day as this? Just hang up the kettle and let it boil. It wouldn't be any better off if there really was a blaze, because it wouldn't know the difference."

"Oh!" said Merle.

Somehow or other this didn't seem quite clear to him, but he thought no more about it for the crowd around the table had suddenly burst into a song. It was rather mixed up, because they didn't all sing the same words. Each one sang whatever he pleased. However, it all worked out nicely.

"Let us eat a carrot," sang the two bunnies, with their arms around one another's necks. "Let us eat a carrot, let

us eat a lot of lettuce,” and a whole lot more that Merle didn’t quite catch, partly because he was trying to listen to all the others at the same time, and partly because the inn-keeper was making such a clatter. He was setting the table.

“It must be their dinner-time,” thought Merle. “I wonder if I should go?”



The inn-keeper spread no table-cloth, but placed little bowls and colored cups around for everybody, not forgetting to set a place for Merle. “Goody!” said Merle, “I didn’t want to leave. It’s all *such* fun!”

When everything was arranged to his satisfaction, the inn-keeper stepped back and rubbing his hands said, “There now, that’s done. Dinner is ready,” and gathering up all the table-wear, he put it away in a corner cupboard!

They had no dinner after all his trouble!

Although this seemed rather odd to Merle, the rest paid no attention but went right on with their singing.

One was shouting joyfully,

“The daughter of the Otter
Took a tumble in the water.
She wasn’t getting careless,
That’s the way her mother taught her,”

and all the time the inn-keeper kept flying around like mad. Now he was sweeping the floor. He swept and swept, until at last he had a tremendous heap of dust piled neatly in the middle of the room, right in everybody’s way. Then he dashed into the corner and unlocking a small leather chest he took out a great big wheelbarrow.

“Goodness!” exclaimed Merle. “How did he get it out of there? It’s twice as big as the box it was in!” He was so surprised that he almost opened his eyes to look but remembered just in time. “I almost forgot!” he said to himself. “I still don’t understand why, but I must keep them closed as long as I want to watch. Won’t Mother and Daddy be puzzled when I tell them!”

The inn-keeper had pushed the wheelbarrow over to the dust-pile, but finding then that he had no dustpan to take up the dust, he swept it all into the fireplace instead. Then he tried to put the wheelbarrow up on the mantelpiece, behind the bowl of stars, without having used it at all.

“What a lot of useless trouble he makes for himself,” laughed Merle. “Why in the world doesn’t he arrange his work better?” but he thought no more about it for a new song from the deenie-men caught his ear and he turned towards the table. “Giddy Billie was a goat,” sang the faeries at the tops of their voices,

“Giddy Billie was a goat,
He lived upon a hill.
He wore a bib around his throat
To keep away the chill,”

and another one about, “Old horse, old horse, what brings you here?” making the songs criss-cross past each other in the most beautiful manner you ever heard.

The inn-keeper, finding at last that he couldn’t make the

wheelbarrow stay on the mantel, rolled it under the table instead.

"Whoosh!" he said, straightening up wearily. "*What* a busy day. Now, stay here, Merle, and make yourself at home, but I'm so tired that I'll have to go to bed. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

"Certainly," said Merle, "and I thank you for letting me stay. It's all so jolly here," and he shook hands with his little friend.

Taking a handful of stars out of the goldfish bowl, to light him on his way, the inn-keeper called good night to all the rest, who were singing all the time, louder than ever, and didn't appear to hear him. He started upstairs, taking his little newspaper with him.

There had been no staircase in the inn until he started up and then, bit by bit, it appeared. There were always two or three steps in front of him as he hobbled wearily up and they kept fading away behind him after he had passed and needed them no longer.

"That's a good idea for a staircase," thought Merle. "You never have to sweep it. When you're through using it, it simply disappears!"

By this time the inn-keeper had reached the ceiling where a door appeared before him. He stepped through just as the last few steps faded away. The door swung to behind him and was gone.

And then, for the first time, the whole crowd of deenie-men began to sing in unison, began to sing the same song to the same tune, chanting,

"The Hickory Dog and the Copper Cat
Were riding on the lake.

They wound the wood and split the clock
And set the soup to bake.

The rain began to tinkle and the Cat began to blink,
And the windy,—"

"Say, down there," interrupted the voice of the inn-keeper,

calling from above. "Hey, down there."

"What do you want?" asked two or three of the little faerie men.

"What time of day is it now?" he asked.

"Why?" questioned three or four.

"Because," answered the inn-keeper. "Listen to this, it's printed in the paper. It says, 'About sundown Merle will leave the inn and toddle home to supper.' Why it's all of that now, isn't it?"

Several of the little fellows turned around to look.

Merle looked, too. Forgot and *really* looked with his eyes wide open.

Beyond the berry patch the sun was setting, big and gold and warm.

But lo and behold, the inn was gone, the inn with all its faeries! Merle was all alone.

"Oh, I forgot," he said. "If I'm going to see what's going on I must keep my eyes shut fast," and he closed them, *tight*, but he saw the inn no more.

"Oh dear! Why did I peek?" he cried. "I've let them get away. I wonder if they are *really* gone," and he began to feel about. But the faerie men around the table and the kettle full of barley soup, in the fireplace, were nowhere to be found. "And the inn-keeper's five legged stool is gone!" said Merle. "I was sitting on it when I opened my eyes. Now I'm sitting on the grass! Outside."

"And that's just what has happened!" he cried, suddenly growing excited. "I really am outside once more. So let me look again," and he began to feel carefully all about. But still he found no inn, no little green door, no sandy walls, nor any chimney where he might listen.

"Oh, why did I open my eyes?" he said. "Oh, *why* did I open my eyes?"

And then he toddled home to supper.

"Just the way the inn-keeper said I would!" he thought. "Just what he read in his paper."



THE SILVER MOUSE

ONCE there was a little girl who owned a rag doll. Her little brother had a wooden soldier. The toy soldier was called Wee Wooden Willie because he was wee, and because he was wooden, and because his name was Willie. The rag doll's name was Rosy because her cheeks were pink.

The other night when all was dark and both the children were asleep Wee Wooden Willie stood on guard beside the bedroom door. Rosy Rag Dollie was hanging over the edge of the toy-box.

Soon the room grew lighter, the moon was peeping in and when it had crept along as far as the middle of the room, there stood a little mouse, leaning on a candy cane!

He was all soft and fuzzy just as any other mouse might be, but instead of being gray or brown or white, his fur was all of shining silver, glistening in the moonlight.

Rosy simply stared and stared and Willie couldn't speak, while the silver mouse, who paid no attention to either of them, took off his fur and hung it on a chair! He unbuttoned it down the front and took it off the way you would your coat!

And then instead of being a mouse he had become a little elf, a tiny man with a long-tailed coat, a long red nose and wispy long gray hair.

Rosy Rag Dollie said, "Goodness me!" Wee Wooden Willie said, "Well!" and then both said, "Why Faerie Man, we thought you were a mouse!"

The faerie laughed and said, "Oh no, I just use that shape for travelling. It's toasty warm on chilly nights, and besides, it's very useful because it gets me everywhere that I want to go."

"Tonight," he went on, as he helped the rag doll out of the toy-box, "tonight I felt a bit lonesome, so I thought that I would come and see if you would care to have a party."

"Fine!" cried Rosy Rag Dollie, and she clapped her cotton hands. They made a soft little sound like *put-put-put* when she slapped them together.

"Hurrah!" shouted Wee Wooden Willie and he clapped his hands, too. They went *tik-tik-tik*.

Then both said to the faerie man, "But what shall we have to eat? You have to have something to eat to make a party."

"So you do," said the faerie man. "I hadn't thought of that. Now how can we arrange it? Let me think," and stuffing his tiny hands into his teeny pockets he began to pace back and forth, whispering softly to himself, "Let me think, let me think, let me think." All of a sudden he stopped short and snapped his fingers, saying with a chuckle, "Aha! I have an idea! Why didn't I think of it at first? Mice always know where the food is kept. So just you wait a minute."

Again he slipped into the silver fur and buttoned it up the front. Again he had become the silver mouse. He began to trot around the room, peeping under things and into things and behind things in an eager sort of way. Suddenly he wiggled his nose, *sniff-sniff-sniff* and then said, "Eek! Eek! E-e-e-eek!" That was mouse talk. It meant, "Aha! Now I know," and away he scampered.

Rosy Rag Dollie said, "Goodness me?"

Wee Wooden Willie said, "Well?"

Pretty soon the mouse came back, *skippety-skippety-skip*. Under his arm he had a gingerbread cookie, a fat little ginger-



bread lady, with sugar sprinkled on her skirts. Her eyes and nose and mouth were made of currants.

He stood her down against the leg of the chair while he unbuttoned his fur and took it off again. Once more he was an elf, with his long tailed coat and his long red nose and his wispy long gray hair.

Then he looked at the gingerbread lady and said, "Oh deary me! *Now* what have I done? I should have brought a round cookie with crinkly edges."

"Why?" asked Wee Wooden Willie. "Won't she do?"

"Certainly not," replied the elf. "I'm surprised at you!" and he patted the gingerbread lady on the top of the head. "You must never throw stones, you must never harm birds and NEVER bite a gingerbread lady. It's not polite."



"Quite right, just so," said Rosy Rag Dollie, "but what shall we have for our party?"

The gingerbread lady spoke up and said, "But you don't *have* to have something to eat to make a party."

"That's so," said the faerie man. "I hadn't thought of that. But how can we arrange it?"

"Why not have a dancing party?" asked the gingerbread lady.

"Fine and dandy," said the little fellow, and he and the rag doll and the wooden soldier began to prance about in the greatest of excitement. Rosy Rag Dollie's feet kept going *plop-plop-plop* as she skipped here and there and Wee Wooden Willie's went *tap-tap-tap*. The mouse-man's feet made no sound at all, although he was really the liveliest of the lot.



And so, all four began to dance, singing their own music in four different kinds of voices. There were two or three songs that all four knew and so they got along wonderfully well together. The one that they all enjoyed the most was the song the rag dolls sing, the one that starts,

“Oh, little mother-girl, I love you,
I hope you’ll always love me, too.”

Rosy Rag Dollie danced with Wee Wooden Willie and the gingerbread lady danced with the elf. They went 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round, like dolls on top of a music box, singing all the time. There never was anything nicer.

But soon the room began to darken. The moon was going home.

“After one more dance we must all go home,” said the elf.

"It will be too dark to see." So they had their last little dance together to the tune of a song that the faerie man had taught them. A song about why, oh *why* are the weasels wise? which went something like this—

Weasels are wise in the summer,
Weasels are wise in the fall,
But of all the weasels I've known
You're the wisest weasel of all.

Then they all said goodbye to one another.

The faerie man shook hands with Wee Wooden Willie, saying, "Good night, old chap." Then he bowed low to Rosy Rag Dollie and said, "Good evening, miss," and bowing very, *very* low to the gingerbread lady he remarked, "I'm sorry I must leave you now. Perhaps we'll meet again."

Again he slipped into his silver fur and buttoned it up the front. He was the silver mouse once more, the shiny silver mouse. He wiggled his nose with a *sniff-sniff-sniff* and peeked eagerly here and there about the room, which by now had grown quite dark. Again he wiggled his nose with a *sniff-sniff-sniff*, and making a sudden dash at the gingerbread lady, he caught her up under his arm and raced away with her for his supper!

"Why, the idea!" exclaimed Rosy Rag Dollie. "What an impolite way to behave! I'm astonished!"

"I too, am astonished," said Wee Wooden Willie, "but not at the silver mouse."

"At what, then?" asked Rosy.

"I'm surprised that you and I should be talking like this!" said Willie. "We're talking and walking about! We never were able to do so before. I really wonder why."

Rosy was quiet and thoughtful for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I know! I know why!"

"Why?" asked Wee Wooden Willie.

"Because we never tried!" said Rosy Rag Dollie.

Perhaps your dollies and toys could walk about and talk a bit if they really and truly tried. What do you think?



THE ONE-WHEELED CART

IT WAS Market Day. Everybody was excited. The little shops along the road were filled with everything that the peasants liked to buy from the villagers. But they weren't excited about that. Under the great big, colored umbrellas in the market-place were all the fresh green things from the country that the villagers liked to buy from the peasants. But that was nothing new. It was so on every Market Day.

What really had surprised them all was the appearance of a curious little cart, right in the middle of the crowd. Nobody had seen it come, but there it stood.

Now most carts have four wheels and many have two, but this had one wheel and a goat, a little gray cart with an old brown goat and a great big, round, red wheel! The wheel was fastened to one side of the cart and the goat was harnessed to the other to keep it from toppling over. Tied to the goat's horns were a lot of silver sleigh-bells, fastened on with yards and yards of bright red string, all tangled up.

Seated in the cart was a deenie man, dressed all in soft green leather with yellow bone buttons.

Everybody gathered around him. "Who are you?" they asked.

"I'm Hweesh," said he in a whispery little voice.

"We're pleased to have you here," said one of the peasants, as he shook hands with the funny little fellow. "But we've never seen you before. Where did you come from?"

"From?" softly answered Hweesh. "From? Oh, I'm from many other places," and jumping down he began to unharness the goat.

When he had unbuckled the straps the goat stepped out and the cart tipped over on its side, with the big, red wheel on top.

"Oh dear! That's too bad!" cried all the people, rushing forward to help him. "We'll help you pick it up again," they said.

"No," said Hweesh. "I thank you all, but this is just what I wanted," and he began to gather up all the things that had fallen from the cart.

There were toy balloons and silver chains and books and hats and cakes and jumping-jacks and pocket-knives and other odds and ends.

Hweesh gathered everything up and arranged it all on the wheel. Then with a handful of little white cards and a piece of red chalk he made a lot of price tags and stuck them on all the things.

"Why, now it's a store!" exclaimed one of the peasants.

"With a wheel for the counter!" said the baker's boy.

"What a clever cart!" said one to another.

"Yes, I thought it up all by myself," said Hweesh, and he pushed the goat out of his way, making the bells on the ends of its horns go "*tinkle, tonkle, tinkle.*"

By this time everybody in town had heard of the deenie man and one by one, and in twos and threes, everyone came to buy.

Two soldiers bought a parrot, one paid for the bird and the other for the cage. A peasant bought a mouse-trap for his little girl at home. The blacksmith took a parasol and the shoemaker's wife bought a saw. Afterwards she exchanged it for an accordion which the Mayor had bought, for he found



that he couldn't play it, no matter how hard he tried.

Hweesh was the busiest merchant in the market-place. The pile of goods upon his counter grew smaller and smaller and the pile of pennies in his hat grew larger and larger, until by noon the hat was full and there was not a thing left on the counter to sell.

He was tired, the goat was asleep and everyone was hungry. All went to their dinners. The villagers went to their homes, and the peasants all sat under the big, colored umbrellas in the market-place and opened their lunch-baskets. It was hard to tell what interested them more, their dinners or the deenie man, for as they ate he was all they talked about, he and his cart and the old brown goat and the things he had to sell.

About the end of meal-time they heard the sound of bells, "*tinkle, tinkle, tink, tunk,*" very faint and sweet.

"The deenie man's goat!" said someone.

"The deenie man?" asked somebody else. "I supposed that he had gone. He had nothing more to sell."

"*Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,*" the silver bells went on.

"What can he be doing?" asked one.

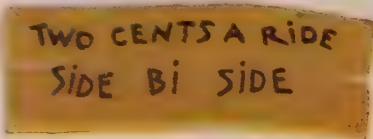
"Let's go and see," said another.

So they did.

The baker's boy got there first. And what do you think he saw?

There stood the deenie man, holding up a sheet of music and marking time with his finger. Before him stood the old, brown goat, solemnly nodding his head so that the bells went "*tinkle, tinkle, tink, tunk,*" over and over again, making the sweetest little tune you ever heard.

The cart was there as they had left it, but all around the edge of the big red wheel were little fluttering flags and a sign on a stick said,



TWO CENTS A RIDE
SIDE BI SIDE

That wasn't the right way to spell "by" but the deenie man had never had a chance to go to school so he had to do the best he could.

"Ooey!" shouted the baker's boy. "It's a Merry-go-'round!"

"Ooh, hurrah! hurrah, hurrah!" cried all the other children, crowding around the wheel.

"One at a time, one at a time," softly spoke the deenie man, and once again he became the busiest person in all the market-place.

Every child who had two cents gave it to him and had a glorious ride. And to any little children who had no money, Hweesh gave a couple of pennies apiece so that they, too, might have their fun.

Four or five would seat themselves around the edge of the wheel with their feet in towards the center. Then Hweesh would join them. Bracing his feet and grasping the edge of the wheel, he would pull and tug and haul, until at last they would begin to move, and the harder he pulled the faster they would go, 'round and 'round and 'round, while the goat kept soberly nodding his head, "*tinkle, tonkle, tink, tonk*," playing his little tune. When the tune was over Hweesh would brace his feet and push again. In a moment this would stop the wheel from spinning any more. Then another crowd of children would climb on and take their turn. All the afternoon they rode, turn and turn about. At last the sun sank low in the sky.

"We'll stop now," remarked the deenie man. "'Tis time you were home to your suppers. 'Tis time for me to go."

"Time for you to go? Go where?" asked all the children.

"Back again," said Hweesh, and he harnessed up the goat.

"Goodbye, friends," he added climbing up into the cart. "I hope you'll all remember me."

"We will! We will!" they shouted.

And so, smiling back at them, he drove away. They all stood watching him as he jogged down the road, with a "*tinkle*,

tonkle, tink, tonk," very faint and sweet.

All this time the light was fading, the sun was sinking lower still.

Suddenly one little girl spoke up, "I can't see the deenie man any more! Where has he gone? There's the cart and there's the goat, but he has disappeared!"

"He must be there still," answered one of the peasants, staring after the cart, "but we can't see his green clothes any more against the distant trees because they are both of the same color."

"Oh, I see," said the little girl.

It grew darker still.

"I can't see the cart," spoke up the man who kept the meat-shop.

"No, nor the goat," said one of the soldiers. "The cart was gray and the goat was brown. The road is brown and gray. So the colors have all blended together. But look, we can still see the wheel!"

"Sure enough!" laughed the baker's boy. "What a funny sight! A big, red wheel, rolling along alone!"

Bye and bye that, too, disappeared into the dark. There was nothing left to see, but very faint and far away they heard the silver bells give one last, little, "*tinkle, tonk, tink.*" Then they, too, were gone. There was nothing left to hear. Nothing was left of the deenie man.

"What a wonderful cart, a one-wheeled cart!" said the villagers, the soldiers and the peasants.

"We should have a wheel like that for the children," the mayor said. "A red wheel."

"No, no," said the policeman. "A blue one."

"Yellow," said the baker.

"White," said the milk man.

"Orange," said the postman.

Then they tried and tried to think of a color everybody liked, but they couldn't—so they didn't get the wheel.

That's all.



IN OUT OF THE WET

THE yellow sun was shining on the long green grass beside a lake. A big, blue lake. Trotting along the shore was a deenie-man. A deenie-man in a red canvas jacket, trundling before him a little orange wheelbarrow piled high with purple beach-plums.

He kept murmuring quietly to himself, first of this and then of that, in a thoughtful sort of way.

"He'll like these," he was saying. "Yes, he'll like them pretty well. They're good plums. The best thing about plums is that there are no bones in them. That's good, Very good. Sunshine is good, too. It's so toasty warm. Except at night. But goodness me! Where is the sun?" he asked aloud, slowing up and looking all about. "Where has it gone? It isn't night-time yet. Is it?"

And suddenly a puzzled look came into his face.

For suddenly, very suddenly, everything had begun to change. The light grew gray, the air got chill and everything was hushed.

And then from beyond the tree-tops there came a tremendous racket.

Old Man Thunder was clumping around the hills, slamming down his heavy heels, BAM! BAM! BAM!

The deenie-man shivered and made a face.

"I've got to get out of this," he whimpered, and hurriedly buttoning his coat he grabbed the handles of the little wheelbarrow and scampered along the shore.

BAM! BAM! BAM! went Old Man Thunder, louder than before.

"Ooey!" cried the deenie-man, galloping through the grass, and bumpetty-bump went the wheelbarrow, scattering beach-plums all about.

BAM! BAM! BAM! went Old Man Thunder, louder than ever.



The poor little deenie-man began to cry, "Mee-mee-mee," just like a tiny baby kitten and a tear rolled down his cheek. "Mee-mee," he wept. "I don't like that! I don't like this! I don't like *him* at all!"

"Don't like who?" asked Jackie Boy.

"Ooey!" squeaked the startled deenie-man again, stumbling headlong over the wheelbarrow and spilling the purple plums all over the place.

He hadn't noticed Jackie Boy until he heard him speak. Jackie had been over to visit Old Uncle Freem. Now he was on his way home.

"Why don't you speak before you ask questions?" asked the little man, really and truly crying now. "You scared me out of my wits! And look at the plums. My lovely plums. *Now* what can he have to eat?"

"What can who have to eat?" asked Jackie.

"My grant, my poor hungry grant," wailed the deenie-man, hurrying and scurrying back and forth among the fallen plums in great excitement, but never stopping to pick any of them up.

"Now wait a minute, wait a minute, and *do* stop crying so. I'll help you with your plums," said Jackie, beginning to gather them up. "Here, take my handkerchief and dry your eyes. But tell me, what is a grant? Who is he?"

"You don't know what a grant is?" asked the deenie-man, wiping the tears from his cheeks and brightening up a bit. "That's funny! Why a grant is a water-horse. Come, let's go, and I'll show you. I've got one just beyond the next clump of trees. And now when he's needed so very badly, I'm late with his dinner. There'll be no time for him to eat it. He'll be *so* cross. I won't be able to do anything with him," and again he began to whimper and to wring his tiny hands.

"Oh, well," said Jackie. "Maybe I can help if you'll only stop your fretting. I never saw anyone like you," and grabbing the deenie-man under one arm and the wheelbarrow under the other, he started briskly along the shore, asking as he ran, "Why won't your grant have this time to eat?"

BAM! BAM! BAM! went Old Man Thunder again, thumping away with his heels, making the tree-tops tremble and shaking the surface of the lake into millions of dancing ripples.

"There! See?" squealed the deenie-man, cuddling up to Jackie and burying his face against his shoulder. "Don't you hear? It's Old Man Thunder with his horrible noise. See how black it's getting! He's coming nearer and nearer! He never was so close before! Hurry, hurry, hurry, or we'll never get the grant."

Jackie couldn't understand why the deenie-man should be so afraid of a bit of thunder. He wasn't afraid himself. Still he didn't want to get caught in the coming storm, so he made a final dash around the edge of the patch of trees towards which the deenie-man had pointed.

There was the grant, a little faerie water-horse, tugging at the red halter which held him fast, and plunging wildly back and forth. The moment he saw Jackie Boy he began to quiet down. "Quick now!" cried the deenie-man. "Hop up on his back while I untie him."

Jumping onto the grant's back, Jackie was somewhat surprised to see how gentle the little creature became. He stopped pulling and hauling, and waited patiently until the faerie had sprung up behind Jackie Boy. Then he turned towards the lake.

"Whoa!" shouted Jackie. "Where are we going?"

"Into the lake," said the little red man. "See, it's really raining badly now. Quick, quick, into the lake, or we'll all get soaking-wet," and he drummed his heels against the faerie horse's sides.

"Nonsense!" laughed Jackie. "What if it *is* raining? The lake will be much wetter, won't it?"

"Maybe so, I hadn't thought of that," nervously replied the deenie-man. "But we mustn't stay here, really. The noise may begin again. So don't leave me, wait right here and I'll show you what we'll do."

Tumbling down from the grant's back he rushed down to



the shore and grabbing the edge of the water with both hands he raised it high above his head! He held it up as you would hold up the edge of a rug.

"Hurry, it's heavy," he grunted. "Turn up your collar so as not to get your feet wet. Pop under and I'll follow you."

Too surprised to hesitate, Jackie dropped on his hands and knees and scrambled underneath, followed by the grant. After them came the deenie-man, dropping the edge of the lake behind him with a tremendous splash, just like Old Man Thunder came stamping down the shore, BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Then everything was still, very still and quiet.

"Glory! What a narrow escape!" exclaimed the deenie-man, beginning to cheer up as soon as he got his breath. "Listen."

Jackie Boy listened. "I don't hear anything," he said.



"No, there isn't anything," said the deenie-man. "Isn't it lovely? I love to hear it."

"You see," he explained as Jackie was about to speak, "we wee people aren't afraid of most things but we simply *can't* stand noise. 'Tis noise that has driven us from the towns. 'Tis noise that has driven us up into the hills and under the ground. And into the lakes, like this," he added, looking about with an air of great content. "But come, let's go."

So they both sprang up and started off with the grant trotting along between them.

It was grayer down below the lake than out upon the shore and strange to say, much dryer. For although it was now pouring heavily outside, they never felt a drop! And although Old Man Thunder was raising a most tremendous racket, they never heard a sound. Everything was still.

Although the bottom of the lake was of clean, firm sand, Jackie found that walking was a trifle difficult. He had to push along rather slowly, the water was so thick. Much thicker than the air.

"Look!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Who are they?"

"Sunfish," said the deenie-man, chuckling. "Sunfish and a couple of minnows."

"I don't mean them," said Jackie. "I know fish when I see them. But over there where the eel-grass grows!" and he pointed to a group of strange creatures.

A dumpy little sort of a man, wearing a cap made of bright red feathers, was smoking a small black pipe. Smoking away contentedly although he was beneath the lake! Now and then he would slap at a passing minnow as one would slap at a mosquito. Except for puffing away at his pipe, this was the only move he made, for he stood stock-still and never blinked his solemn eyes.

On the sand beside the funny chap sat a beautiful girl with golden hair, long green-gold hair which floated all about her. Jackie saw that she wasn't really and truly a girl, for instead of feet she had long lacy fish-tails at her ankles.

She and the dumpy man were watching a frog who stood before them, a tremendous frog who kept rolling his eyes and wriggling his lips in a silly sort of way.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the deenie-man with a grin. "If it isn't Merrow and his sister! Come and meet them."

"But who are they?" asked Jackie again, as he and the deenie-man started off after the grant who had trotted away ahead of them.

"Well, do you see her?" asked the little man, pushing his way through the water as quickly as he could. "See her? She's Nisse—like the mermaid," he explained as Jackie looked puzzled. "Except that the mermaids live in the ocean, live in the salt sea. Nisse likes the lakes and wells instead."

"And see him? He's her brother. He's Merrow, the merman."

"But who's the frog," asked Jackie Boy.

"Just Frog," answered the deenie-man. "Look at him trying to whistle!"

Sure enough, Jackie had been wondering all the time why Frog had been making such queer faces. Now he understood. He was trying to pucker up his lips but couldn't, they were so broad. "It's just as well," giggled the deenie-man. "He doesn't know any tunes. Wouldn't it be funny if he really found out how to whistle and then had no music to whistle after all!"

"Why, hello folks!" suddenly spoke up the Merrow, as he caught sight of Jackie and his little friend. "Sit down, do. And get your breath. *Do* sit down."

"Hello," said Nisse, holding out both hands to them.

Frog didn't say anything. He simply smiled.

"He can't whistle," thought Jackie to himself, "and I don't believe he talks, but he certainly can smile!" and throwing himself at full length upon the sand beside them all, he exclaimed, "Oh, how good it is to rest. It's tiresome traveling down here below."

"Yes, I know, but make yourself comfortable. Here, put this under your head," said Nisse, arranging a pillow for him.

"Ho!" laughed Jackie. "Pillows down here? How funny."

"And *do* keep covered up," said his mother. "You must not catch cold."



Jackie sat up with a start of surprise. It really *was* Mother who had spoken!

"Why, where did you come from, Mother?" he asked in amazement, and he rubbed his eyes. He was in his own bed, up under the eaves!

"Where did you come from?" he asked again.

Mother smiled. "There has been *such* a thunderstorm," she said. "I looked in to see if you were all right."

"But where is Merrow? Where is Nisse?" he insisted, still a bit puzzled as to what had happened.

"Hush, dear," said Mother, smiling again. "Go to sleep now. It's getting late. Tell us in the morning."

At the breakfast-table next morning, Jackie Boy told Mother and Dad all about his strange adventure.

"And, Daddy!" he exclaimed, "I just thought of something! You know when we crawled under the edge of the lake, the grant and the deenie-man and I?"

"Yes," said Dad. "What of it?"

"Why, I just remembered something. When the deenie-man came in behind us he left his wheelbarrow outside. Outside upon the shore. Oh, Daddy! Let's go and see if we can find it!"

"Let's!" said Dad and away they went, down the lane to the lake.

All along the shore they searched, but there was no wheelbarrow.

"Maybe he slipped out and got it after the rain stopped," said Dad.

"Maybe!" said Jackie, growing excited again. "Come and see! I'll show you the way the deenie-man got in."

So, going down to the water, they both tried and tried and *tried* to lift up the edge of the lake, but it was no use. Their fingers leaked.

"I wonder how the deenie-man did it," said Jackie at last.

"It must have been magic," said Dad. "It must have been magic, I guess," and they started home together.

"But Daddy," asked Jackie Boy, after a pause. "When Nisse was tucking the pillow under my head, what became of her? Where did Mother come from? If I was really down under the lake, how in the world did I get home and into bed?"

Dad thought for quite a while before he answered.

"H'm. That must have been magic, too," he said.

"There's magic in everything," Jackie Boy said.

Dad smiled. "Of course there is—you just have to keep on the lookout for it." Try and See!



NOWHERE AT ALL

IN THE house where my grandfather's grandmother lived a funny thing happened to Moya. She used to sleep in the little room up beneath the roof, the room with the parrots on the wallpaper.

Well, the other night she went to bed and cuddled down to sleep. She lay there for a while listening to a happy little whistling that was going on somewhere nearby. As the room grew darker the whistling grew clearer and clearer, until at last it seemed to be right in the room with her. She turned in bed and looked around the room, but she saw nobody.

Nobody at first, but it grew darker and darker until it was night, black night and then she discovered a rusty-colored little man over by the toy box. Although he didn't seem to shine, she could see him perfectly, now that the last of the light had gone!

His whistling, too, was now clearer than before. He had been whistling, "London Bridge is falling down," but he suddenly changed over and began to sing, "Dame get up and bake your pies, bake your pies, bake your pies," instead, because that was about something good to eat. Moya sat up and laughed.

"Hello!" they both called out together, and he hopped up on the edge of the bed beside her.

Moya was not surprised at this. She knew him well. She had often seen him before.

"I'm glad you're back again," said she, taking his tiny hand, "because there's something that I've been wondering about, something I want you to tell me."

"All rightie. What is it?" he asked with a smile.

"Well," said Moya thoughtfully. "I dreamed about you last night and the night before and I dreamed about you the night before *that*. Where do you go when I wake?"

"Nowhere," said he. "Nowhere, with all the rest of the faery folks."

"With all the rest of you!" cried Moya, starting up eagerly. "Oh, please take me to see them!"

The smile faded from the deenie man's face. "Take you Nowhere?" he asked, and looking very serious, he slowly shook his head. "Maybe I'd better not," said he. "Maybe I'd better not."

"Oh, *please* do," she begged. "If you don't I won't dream about you again tonight. Then where will you be?"

"Why, er, Nowhere," said Dhoul, for that was his name, thoughtfully scratching his ear.

His name was Dhoul Roe, but Moya didn't know this because a faery will never, never tell anyone his name.

"I'd be Nowhere," he went on. "So perhaps I'd better take you after all. But the only way I see for you to join us is by magic and I really don't want you to see how it's done. Then you might try it yourself sometime and if you made any mistakes you might get things all tangled up. So turn your back and don't peek. Be still and be quiet a bit."

"Goodie," squealed Moya with delight. "I'll be as quiet as a mouse." And she turned her back to him, turned toward the window.

Everything was still. Perfectly still.

Soon she began to notice a pleasant smell. It grew stronger. It was the clean salt smell of the open sea. This was rather strange, for Moya's home was deep in the woods, far away from

the ocean. And then, although the night was warm, a cool breeze brushed her cheek.

"How queer," she whispered quietly. "Hush," whispered Dhoul behind her, more quietly still.

The window curtain caught her eye. It was moving! It began to swell in the salty ocean breeze, which by now was blowing briskly through the room. "It looks just like a sail," thought Moya. And sure enough, it was. It had changed into a big white sail, with a jolly red flag up top! Then, for the first time, she noticed something else, the bed was gently swaying.

"Fine!" spoke up the faery man behind her. "Fine! The boat is finished."

Sure enough, it was. The curtain had become a sail, and the bed was now a boat. The big fat pillow behind her had in some queer way changed into a little white cabin, with a pink geranium in one window and a black cat in the other.

"My! My! My!" exclaimed Moya. "And see—there's a bird-cage over the door!"

"Yes," chuckled Dhoul. "But how silly I've been. I've made a boat for you, and the sea-breeze, but I forgot to fix an ocean. So turn your back again. Don't peek. I'll be through in a minute. Or better still, I'll tell you what to do. Go look over the side of the ship and watch."

"All right," said Moya, and leaning over the side of the boat she stared down at the floor below. Dhoul stayed behind her, doing his magic again.

Soon she noticed something queer about the rug, the gray-green rag rug that Aunt Marty had made. Slowly at first, it began to stir about. Then it actually began to ripple, with a soft swishing noise. Soon it started to roll past in great waves, and as a couple of ducks swam past, Moya realized that it was no longer a rug, it had changed into a mass of rolling water!

"Fine!" exclaimed Dhoul again, straightening up and dust-

ing off his hands. "Now you may turn and look. I've finished my magic."

Moya whirled about. Her little bedroom, with the parrots on the wall paper, had disappeared. In place of the sloping ceiling, there was only the deep blue sky above her head, with here and there a star, and stretching away on every side, as far as she could see, was the ocean which Dhoul had made.

The cool sea breeze grew stronger and the boat, which all this time had been swaying gently back and forth, began to glide ahead.

"We're off!" cried Dhoul, dancing about the deck in great excitement. "Hurrray!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Moya, adding, "but where in the world are we?"

"Nowhere," answered the deenie man. "Come along and watch." So they both ran to the bow of the boat and looked ahead.

To Moya's great surprise, although the ship went rocking on as before, the water was disappearing. It was growing fainter and fading away. Soon it was gone! They seemed to be floating in the air!

Nothing was to be seen in any direction!

"Why goodness me! Where are we now?" she asked, and her eyes popped wide open in amazement.

Dhoul chuckled. "Can't you guess?" he asked.

"I really don't know," she answered with a puzzled little frown. "Everything is curious. Everything is queer. It's nothing strange to see the sky away above your head, but it's all about on every side, and underneath our feet!"

Suddenly she gave a little start of surprise, and cried, "Why *now* I know! We're Nowhere!"

"Right!" said Dhoul. "We're Nowhere at last. Now just you wait and see."

"Silly," laughed Moya, pinching his ear. "There's nothing here to see. How can—"

"Hush," whispered Dhoul. "Listen, and then you'll see."



Moya cuddled up to him, as still as still could be.

Everywhere the air seemed to be full of sound. Moya thought that she had never heard so many noises before, but they were all quiet noises, all quiet and hushed.

"What's that?" she cried, turning to one side.

There was a soft pattering of feet and a strange creature rushed into sight.

A little white horse, a slim little horse with a long twisty golden horn upon his forehead.

"That? That's the unicorn," said Dhoul.

"Oh, isn't he a darling?" cried Moya. "But I never knew that there were really and truly any unicorns anywhere."

"But he's *not* anywhere," said Dhoul. "Don't you see? This is Nowhere."

He snapped his fingers to the little beast. Unicorn stopped for an instant, but catching sight of Moya and her companion, he blushed furiously and dashed away again. Dashed away so suddenly that he upset a grumpy little chap who was overhauling a monstrous heap of red shoes which were floating before him. Moya hadn't noticed him before because he had been standing some distance away in the air at the farther side of the ship.

Flying in every direction, the red shoes all turned into rabbits and raced away with their tongues hanging out.

The grumpy little man began to storm and stamp about so angrily that beautiful green and gold sparks flew from him. "He looks like fireworks at a picnic," laughed Moya.

"Yes, that's Far Darrig, the faery shoemaker. He's always in a terrible temper," explained Dhoul, as their ship sailed past. "Listen to his feet," he giggled.

Moya giggled too. Far Darrig was still pounding wildly about, as hard as he could stamp. But as he was Nowhere, and there was nothing for his feet to stamp upon, they only made a big hollow sound, a sort of BOOM! BOOM! BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! over and over again.

"Just like a drum," said Moya. "Just like a big bass drum."



john
gee



"Yes," said Dhoul. "And look, here's a parade to go with it. What fun!" He pointed to a wonderful procession which was rapidly approaching.

First came a happy-faced snowman, with broad black wings and a bright red carrot for a nose. He was followed by half-a-dozen kittens of brilliant colors and so many other queer things and folks that Moya couldn't keep track of them all. Even the Unicorn was there. He had returned with a mermaid on his back. The colored kittens were playing tiny tin whistles, keeping time with Far Darrig, who was still stamping angrily as they all drew near.

"Look!" cried Moya. "They are not all faery folks. They are not *all* things that are Nowhere at all." She pointed to a nearby group. "Those are really children's toys," she said.

Sure enough, along came several playthings of different sorts, marching side by side. Dolls and jumping-jacks and a stuffed pig and many other things!

"I know," explained Dhoul, "they are really and truly toys, but they are all toys that have been lost and are nowhere to be found."

"Oh!" Moya couldn't think of anything else to say.

Just then the faery shoemaker stopped his stamping.

For the first time he had noticed all the strange creatures and curious folks who were marching towards him.

He muttered something under his breath crossly and shook both his tiny fists and then he whirled about and tramped angrily away.



BOOM! BOOM! BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! went his feet once more and the entire faery troop fell into line behind him, all chattering happily together as they marched along in time to the BOOM! And the bright-colored kittens made music, tootling away on their little tin whistles, harder than ever before.

The snowman with the carrot nose kept flapping his broad black wings and the mermaid on the unicorn's back threw kisses to everybody, including Moya and Dhoul Roe.

BOOM! BOOM! went the shoemaker's feet.

"Oh, how I wish we were going with them!" cried Moya, dancing with excitement.

"We are," said Dhoul.

Sure enough, the boat sailed right after them, the bow almost touching the unicorn's swishing tail.

"Oh, look!" squealed Moya, pointing ahead. "See where they're taking us!"

Away in the distance was a beautiful rainbow, all color and light and the procession was headed right for it.

"That way! That way! Go down there!" called out the mermaid, pointing to the purple edge of the rainbow.

"Why, I wonder?" asked Moya. "I wonder what's down there?"

"I don't know. Let's go and see," said Dhoul. "Everybody else is going."

So they were and as if it knew just what they wanted, the boat was turning too.

Down past the yellow and green parts of the rainbow they sailed and through the beautiful blue part until they reached the end.

Here all the air was a haze of misty violet, shading into deep, rich purple toward the center, where there stood a huge pot of gold. A monstrous golden kettle, bubbling merrily away.

"The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!" cried Moya. "It's coffee boiling," she added. "I can smell it."

As they approached nearer and nearer, the glow of the kettle became so brilliant that she could hardly bear to watch it.

"And, oh, dear," said she, "the faery folk are going!"

For sure enough, they were.

Still gathered about her on every side were the snowman,



the toys, the unicorn and all the others, but bit by bit they were fading away in the light of the golden kettle.

"How strange," she said, "the nearer they get to the light, the harder it is to see them! How can that be?"

The sound of their chatter now came to Moya's ears as a little faint whisper. The tunes the colored kittens were playing on their tiny tin whistles could hardly be heard at all. In a moment all were gone. They were nowhere to be seen!

Very faintly she could hear the faery shoemaker still stamping away BOOM! BOOM! BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! and in a moment that too had died away.

Everything was still.

She turned to speak to Dhoul about it, and found to her surprise that she could hardly see him. He was fading away in the light as all the rest had done.

"What in the world are you doing now?" she asked in amazement. "How smoky and wispy you look! Are you going to leave me too?"

He chuckled happily enough and made some reply. She didn't quite hear what it was, for his voice sounded as if it were at a great distance, although he was standing right beside her.

"Your voice is growing wispy, too," she said.

Beginning to whistle softly to himself, Dhoul turned away. Moya thought he was whistling, "London Bridge is falling down," again, but she could not tell for sure, it all sounded so very faint and far away.

At the door of the little white cabin he paused for an instant and with one last smile in her direction, he went inside.

As the door swung to behind him, the whole thing quietly disappeared, the cabin, the black cat in one window and the geranium in the other and the bird in the cage above the door. All were gone. The cabin had become her big, fat pillow again!

"How very queer!" she thought, but she was too surprised to speak.

She turned her back towards the kettle.

"My gracious!" she cried. "How bright it is now!" And she had to cover her eyes. At last she carefully took away her hands.

And what do you think?

She was in bed! Back in bed again, with the big, fat pillow beneath her head. Where the sail had been a moment before, the window curtain was swaying quietly in the morning breeze, and the golden morning sun was shining full upon her face.

She covered her eyes again, it was so bright. A couple of times she peeped between her fingers, hoping to see the kettle, but it was really and truly gone. But she *could* smell coffee!

"Oh," she said at last. "Breakfast must be ready. I must hurry and dress." And she did so.

Then she went down stairs, with a wondering look upon her face.

Mother and Daddy were finishing breakfast. Mother was pouring a second cup of coffee for Dad.

"Good morning, dear," she said to Moya with a smile. "You're late for breakfast. Where have you been?"

Moya thought things over a bit before replying.

"Nowhere," she answered at last. "Really, Mother, nowhere at all. And there I found the pot of coffee at the end of the rainbow!"

"The pot of coffee!" exclaimed Mother. "I thought it was a pot of gold!"

"So it is," said Moya. "It's gold outside, but it's full of boiling coffee."

"Why, how do you know?" asked Dad.

"Because I smelled it, Daddy," said Moya. "And I saw it with my own eyes."

"You saw it?" asked Dad in surprise. "Where?"

"Nowhere," said Moya. "Nowhere at all."

"Nowhere?" asked Mother.

"Nowhere!" exclaimed Dad.

"Nowhere," said Moya. "Nowhere at all!"



THE ROBBER RABBIT

ALITTLE old deenie man by the name of Kreepee was trotting along with a shovel under his arm, a beautiful little coal shovel all made of wax.

Pretty soon a star came out.

"H'm," said he, beginning to hurry a little faster, "it's getting late."

Soon two stars came out. It was getting later.

By and by three stars came out. Then it was night.

"H'm," said Kreepee, "h'm-m." And he scurried through the dark as fast as he could scamper.

He had just turned in at the crossroad leading down to the shore, when a rabbit slipped out of the hedge behind him.

The rabbit was scowling as hard as he could scowl and over his shoulder he carried a little wooden club, because he was a robber rabbit.

"Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful shovel," he whispered again and again, as he crept quietly after the faery man. "How I should like to get it all for my own self."

But the two bright little buttons on the back of Kreepee's coat kept peeping about, watching; watching everything.

Finally they came to a dark, dark place beneath a weeping willow tree, where the two little buttons couldn't see a thing.

"Now," muttered the robber rabbit, "now is my chance!" And waving his little wooden club, he dashed down the road after the deeny man, shouting, "Now I'll get your shovel!"

But Kreepee's coat-tails reached right out and caught him by the ears and wouldn't let go.



"So!" he cried, whirling about. "A robber rabbit! I'm surprised!" And he shook his tiny fist at him.

"Let me go! Please!" begged the rabbit. "I'll be good!" And he hid the little wooden club behind his back and smiled as hard as he could smile, so as not to look like a robber any more. "I'll be good! I'll be good! I'll be—"

"Hush, oh, hush," cried the deenie man, holding his hands over his ears.

"But I *will* be good," said the rabbit again, beginning to cry.

"I know you will, now," said Kreepee. He snapped his

fingers and the coat-tails let go of the rabbit's ears. "But will you stay good?"

"Why, I really don't know," said the rabbit, rubbing his ears, for the coat-tails had left them tingling. "I never thought about that."

"That's just what's the trouble with you," said the faery man, patting him on the back. "If you had thought how naughty it is, you would never have tried to be a robber, would you?"

The rabbit did not say a word. He was ashamed to speak.

"So now," went on Kreepee, "I'll have to teach you a lesson. A lesson to make you think. I don't like to waste any of my magic, because I haven't much to spare, but you have been a bold, bad bunny and simply must be cured."

"But I'll be good," whimpered the rabbit.

The deenie man paid no attention for a while. Then he said, sharply, "Cover up your eyes."

The bunny bowed his head and laid a furry paw across his eyes.

Kreepee marched around him in the road, in the dark, under the weeping willow tree, mumbling a queer sort of sing-song to himself in a little far-away voice.

Soon he stopped.

"What does that mean?" asked the rabbit without taking his paw from his eyes. "What were you talking about?"

"Nobody knows," said the faery man, "because it's magic. Only I know, and I'll tell you. It means that you will have to stay up there until you see a bird under the ocean and a fish on the land and an animal flying through the air—all at once. Then you'll be cured and never be a robber rabbit any more. *Then you can come down.*"

"Come down? Come down where?" whimpered the poor little rabbit. "Where am I now?"

"Look and see," said Kreepee.

For the first time the rabbit uncovered his eyes and looked. And where do you think he found himself?



High up in the tip top of a very tall tree, almost two trees high.

"Oo," he squealed, clutching a branch tightly with all four legs and feet. "How did I get up here?"

The deenie man smiled a wee little smile.

"That's part of the magic," he said, and he went away.

The rabbit clung to the top of the tree and swung back and forth in the breeze. Great round tears rolled down his cheeks and tickled his nose, but he didn't dare to brush them off. The rushing wind ruffled his fur the wrong way and tickled his ribs, but he didn't dare to turn around. He was afraid to jump down because the tree was too high, and he was afraid to slide down because he was afraid. So all night long he clung there.

"Oh, if I ever get down again," he sobbed, "I'll never more be bad. Oh, if I ever get down again I'll never more be bad. Oh, if I ever get down again—" 'til he cried himself to sleep.

The first thing he noticed in the morning was a little white duck in the water below, laughing to himself. (You know, when a duck says "quack-quack-quack" he's laughing.) He sang out:

" Quack-quack-quack,
How funny to see
A little fat bunny
In a big tall tree.
Quack-quack-quack,
Quack-quack-quack."

And he wagged his tail with delight. (You know, that is the way little ducks do.)

"It's not polite of you to laugh," said the robber rabbit.

The white duck made no answer. He hadn't heard, because he was upside-down in the water nibbling bits of water-weed from the bottom of the ocean.

Now down below at this very point there lived a crab. He was sitting out before his little cubby-hole, under a rock, dozing in the wet, when right before his eyes he suddenly saw the wide-open bill of the hungry duck searching for something to eat.

"Gracious me!" he exclaimed, "I must get away," and he scrambled ashore.

"Safe at last," he whispered in a husky little voice, as he cuddled into the sand.

And what do you think?

A little black dog came running down the beach, racing around in circles and wagging his tail with glee. (You know, that is the way little dogs do.)

"Oh, dear, oh, my, oh, dearie me! I hope he doesn't see me," whispered the crab, cuddling down still closer in the sand.

Well, at last the little dog grew tired of scampering about. So he sat down to rest, right down in front of the crab.

"Oh, look!" he chuckled to himself, "a little white duck standing right on his head in the water. How jolly!" And he wagged his tail right in the little crab's face.

"Don't do that!" cried the crab, and he bit him.

"Glory!" shouted the little black dog, as loud as he could bark, and he sprang right into the air, startling the little white duck so badly that he just gave one big "quack" and dove down deep, away out of sight beneath the water.

"Hurrah!" cried the rabbit. "*There's* an animal in the air! And *there's* a bird in the water and *there's* a fish on the land, all at once! For a duck is a bird," he added, "and surely a crab is a fish." And jumping for joy he fell out of the tree, but he wasn't hurt a bit.

He didn't have time to get frightened, for at the very instant he fell, the deenie man appeared once more and saw him tumbling through the air.

"Stop!" he shouted, dropping the little wax shovel as he dashed forward.

He didn't speak as we do; that wouldn't have been any use; but he cried out the magic word that means "stop," and the rabbit did stop, right where he was. There he hung, floating in the air, only half way down to the ground.

"What a scare you gave me," went on Kreepee. "I'm so glad I caught you in time. Are you comfortable up there?"

"Why, yes, thank you," said the bunny, scratching his ear in a puzzled sort of way. "But what shall I do? I can't stay up here."

"I know you can't, but I'll soon fix that. Are you ready?" asked the faery.

"I suppose so," said the rabbit in a wee little voice. "But whatever you do, be careful."

"All right," said Kreepee, "I will." And then he shouted something else in magic. It must have meant, "Now drop down," because that's just what the rabbit did.



Down he came, head over heels, but just before he reached the ground, the faery man shouted again the magic word to make him stop.

He did so, right in front of the deenie man's face.

"Well, I never! What jolly fun!" chuckled the rabbit. "Now what shall I do?"

"Jump the rest of the way yourself, can't you?" asked Kreepee.

"Would you jump if you were me?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, yes," said Kreepee. "It isn't far—one, two, three—jump. Why, rabbit, you can jump that!"

"Why, that's so, it's not far now," said the rabbit. And down he hopped. "Well, it was fun, but it's good to be down again," said he.

"What were you thinking on the way down?" asked the deenie man.

The rabbit blushed and hung his head.

"Do tell me," coaxed Kreepee.

"I was thinking how silly and how naughty I had been," said the bunny. "But I'll never be a robber any more."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said the faery man. "Well, I'll be going now," he said. "Goodbye, rabbit." He turned up the shore.

"Goodbye," said the rabbit. He was still a little bit ashamed. He still hung his head, and his eyes were on the ground.

Suddenly he saw the deenie man's shovel—the beautiful little coal shovel all made of wax, right on the ground where the deenie man had dropped it.

"Oh, wait a minute. Here's your shovel!" he cried. He stooped and picked it up. When he straightened up, with the shovel in his paw, Kreepee was nowhere to be seen.

But his voice came back to the bunny, sounding very small and far-away, "Oh, that's all right," it said. "You may keep it for a present."

COME ONE, COME ALL

ARABBIT was rambling along a road, playing a harmonica. He had a card around his neck which said:

AT TEN O'CLOCK
ON THE CRANBERRY BOG
NOTHING WILL HAPPEN
NOBODY WILL BE THERE
COME ONE!
COME ALL!

And then he met Dorothy, who had been over in the sheep pasture picking wild strawberries for Mother. Nodding politely, he waved his paw toward her, but never stopped his tune. He toddled right past, hopping on his hind legs, and playing:

“Oh, the noble Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.

He marched them up to the top of the hill . . .”
over and over again.

A moment later he turned aside through the blueberry bushes, still tootling away on the harmonica:

“He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.”

Very soon he was out of sight, and little by little the sound of the music died away. Everything was still.

About two minutes later Dorothy gave a start of surprise and said, “Goodness me!” The rabbit had astonished her so that all this time she had been too amazed to move. As long as he had been in sight she had simply stood and stared and then, as long as she could hear the harmonica, she had simply stood and listened.

"And now he's gone!" she cried in disappointment. "Oh, how silly I was. Why didn't I follow him? I wonder who he was! I wonder where he was going. I wonder if the sign around his neck was really true. It said, 'At ten o'clock on the cranberry bog.' I do believe that I'll go and see! I heard the village bells strike nine when I was picking berries—it can't be ten o'clock yet. Yes, I'll hurry across to the bog and wait! I must see what is going to happen! I must see who is going to be there!"

So crawling through the rails of the fence beside the road, she ran quickly down across the field toward the sandy bog which lay beyond the brook.

Crossing the little footbridge that led to the cranberry bog, she stood for a moment wondering which way to turn. "Where would be the best place to wait?" she asked herself. Just then a bit of moving color caught her eye. Scurrying along at the farther side of the bog were two little chaps dressed all in brilliant scarlet.

"But they are not boys," she said in surprise, for both had bushy beards! Gray whiskers!

They turned across the bog towards Dorothy, leaping





along and bounding about like a couple of frisky puppies, when suddenly they saw her and stopped short and stared. One had just jumped high into the air and there he stayed! Up top! With his fingers in his mouth and his head hung down in a bashful sort of way!

"Goodness me!" said Dorothy. "What a wonderful thing to do!" and she started slowly toward them.

This was too much for the little men, who had been fidgeting shyly all the while. The one on the sand gave a spring into the air and caught his friend by the hand. Then they both came down together.

Pretending not to notice Dorothy, they turned aside and strolled away, quietly at first, as if they were paying no attention to her, but soon beginning to hop and skip and finally commencing their wild gallop as before. In no time at all they had disappeared behind a clump of little pine trees growing at the far edge of the bog.

"Goodness me!" said Dorothy, dashing after them. "I mustn't let them get away, the way the rabbit did. I wonder what they are going to do next? I must hurry."

"How bashful they were," she thought to herself as she raced across the sand. "Perhaps I had better not run right in after them. I'll only peek at first from behind a bush."

So she did.

And what do you think?

You never could guess.

Gathered around among the trees were six or eight little chaps, all dressed in bright scarlet and all with bushy beards. "Goodness me!" exclaimed Dorothy. "More of them! And they all look just alike, so much alike that I can't tell which are the two I followed. And listen! I hear the rabbit again. I hear his harmonica. Oh, I do hope he is coming back."

He was.

There he came, marching along through the bayberry bushes that grew among the trees, the card that said, "Come one, come all," still hung around his neck. This time he was playing, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." And sure enough, strutting along behind him were three more of the funny little men who now joined the group in front of Dorothy.

But the rabbit wheeled around again, and changing his tune to,

"Here we go Looby Loo,
Here we go Looby Light"

he marched away through the trees and disappeared.

Two of the newcomers were the same as the rest, but the third was dressed in green instead of red. This one did not come marching straight in behind the rabbit like the others, but had turned aside and was pushing his way through a bayberry bush, floundering about in an awkward sort of way.

"How silly," laughed Dorothy, "he needn't go to so much trouble. Why doesn't he walk around the bush, instead of scrambling through the middle?"

However, the faerie man didn't seem to mind, for all the time he was grinning away happily enough. But when at last he had succeeded in freeing himself and stood among his friends, the smile faded from his face. He seemed to be disturbed about something.

"Why, he's beginning to blush!" said Dorothy—and sure enough, he was.



Holding up the corner of his jacket, he stared thoughtfully at it for a moment. Then he looked around at his companions, and began to blush more than ever. He blushed so hard that there was a little rosy glow all around his face.

"Perhaps he's wearing the wrong colored clothes," said Dorothy to herself. "Perhaps he is embarrassed."

The little man began to nod his head as if at last he had figured out something, and suddenly skipping to one side to where there was a cleared spot, he drew a design like this upon the sand with his finger:



Then he stepped carefully into the small inside circle and began to think. At first nothing happened, but he kept right on thinking, harder and harder, until he finally had to hold his forehead tightly in both hands. And then, slowly, the color of his clothes began to change. They had been of a jolly apple-green, but they faded away to a dull gray-green.

"Goodness me!" whispered Dorothy to herself. "I do believe that he's doing magic! He's going to change his clothes!"

And so he really was. His clothes by now had grown so gray that the green had gone completely! "They are just the color of ashes," thought Dorothy, too excited even to whisper to herself.

Still the little fellow stood there, in the center of the design which he had drawn upon the sand. He gave a tired sigh and shifted his feet, taking great care, however, not to step outside of the inside circle. Then, with his head still held tightly in his hands, he began to think away again, harder than before.

Soon the gray of his clothes started to color up again, more and more, but red this time instead of green and in a moment there he stood in a suit of brilliant scarlet! He was now dressed just the same as all the rest. He gave a happy chuckle and strutted proudly over to join his friends, who all this time had been chatting away among themselves and paying no attention to him.

They were using a queer sort of a language that Dorothy had never heard before—saying things like, “Oopie wena umba?” and “mena fona this,” and “mena fona that,” and so on. And strange to say, although they were using a language that Dorothy could not speak and had never heard before, she understood them perfectly! She couldn’t understand any of the words that they were using, but in some queer way she understood exactly what they meant. This is rather curious, but that’s the way it was. She really understood.

One of the little men suddenly clapped his hands and shouted, “Be quiet, everybody, now. It’s time we had some music. It’s time to have a dance and play a tune. See this?” and he held up a great big sheet of music.

“That’s funny!” whispered Dorothy to herself. “Where did he get that? It wasn’t in his hands when he clapped them together and he didn’t take it from anywhere at all, but now he has it!”

The faerie men got ready for their dance. Some stood with their arms around one another; others held hands. All were eagerly fidgeting about on tip-toe while waiting for the leader to give them the signal to begin.

“Are they all going to dance at once?” thought Dorothy to herself. “Who is going to play the music?”

“Are you all going to dance at once?” spoke up the leader. “Who is going to play the music?”

“Goodness me!” said Dorothy. “That’s queer. He said the very thing that I was thinking!”

The little groups had broken up in great excitement. All were laughing and chattering away and slapping one another on the back, saying, “What a good joke!” “We forgot the music” and “ha-ha-ha! How silly we are.”

Well, anyhow, they finally quieted down and all sat on the sand in a row in front of the leader. “We’re ready,” said one.

“Are they all going to play together?” wondered Dorothy. “There’ll be nobody to dance! And what are they going to play on?”

"What are you going to play on?" asked the leader, once more using the very words that she had been thinking.

"Goodness me!" said Dorothy again.

"Where are your fiddles?" went on the leader. "Where are your harps? Where are your jingle bells?"

For an instant all the faerie men looked puzzled and sat thoughtfully rubbing their noses. Finally they all burst into great shouts of laughter and rolled upon the sand, kicking their heels in the air and shouting, "What a good joke! We forgot the fiddles. We forgot the harps. We forgot the jingle bells."

"You're wasting your time," said the leader. "Go and get them right away, or we'll never have our dance."

In no time at all they were gone.

The leader walked thoughtfully back and forth upon the sand, reading his big sheet of music, beating time with one finger and singing quietly to himself.

"He sounds just like a bumble-bee humming," chuckled Dorothy.

In the middle of it all the little fellow stopped and seemed to be listening. Dorothy listened too. At first she heard nothing. And then, not far away, she heard a jolly little "tweedle-dee-dee, tweedle-dee-dee" going on.

"The rabbit again," she said to herself. "That's his harmonica. Goody!" She almost clapped her hands with delight, "But I mustn't," she whispered, "I mustn't frighten them away." And she cuddled down closer than ever behind the bush where she was hiding.

Nearer and nearer came the music. With it came the sound of singing and in no time at all there stood the rabbit surrounded by the entire faerie troop.

"Does he never stop?" laughed Dorothy, for the rabbit went right on tootling his harmonica.

"See!" cried the little red men to the leader, "See! He's better than fiddles. He's better than harps. He's better than jingle bells." And beginning to dance around him, they all joined in the chorus of the tune he was playing.



Dorothy never heard it before. It was a faerie tune.

Just as they were singing at their loudest they all stopped short and stood stock still.

For the first time the rabbit stopped playing his harmonica.

Everything was quiet, except for a little bird who was singing in a nearby treetop.

The leader of the faerie men slapped his hands together and said, "Hush, we're listening." So the little bird stopped and listened too.

So did Dorothy.

Faint and far away the village bells were striking. She turned her head to hear them better. The bells were striking ten.

"At last it's time! It's ten o'clock," she whispered in great excitement, and she turned to watch the faerie men again.

But what do you think?

They were gone! Every one.

"Dear, Oh, dear," cried Dorothy, starting up. "The rabbit is gone too. Where is he? I'm going to find him."

She sprang out from behind the bayberry bush where she had been crouching all this time. "I'll not let him get away the way the others did," she said, and hurriedly searched around among the trees and bushes.

But she found no rabbit. He had really and truly gone, and not a single faerie man could she discover.

Even the little design upon the sand had disappeared—the design that the little man in green had used, to change his clothes to red.

"Oho," said Dorothy at last. "Now I understand. The rabbit's sign was right. It said, 'At ten o'clock on the cranberry bog, nothing will happen, nobody will be there.' The sign was really right. Every one has gone."

Later on, at lunch time, she was telling Mother of her strange adventure. "And when the clock struck ten," she said, "nobody was there."

"But you were there, weren't you?" asked Mother with a smile.

"That's so," said Dorothy. "I hadn't thought of that! Perhaps the rabbit hadn't thought of it either."

"Perhaps not," said Mother.

After she had finished her berries and milk, Dorothy went upstairs to have her afternoon nap. She laid on her bed thinking of all the curious little people she had seen—the little red men and their leader, and the faerie man on the cranberry bog who had jumped up into the air and *stayed* there while he watched her. But most of all she thought of the rabbit playing his harmonica, playing—

"Oh, the noble Duke of York,

He had ten thousand men.

He marched them up to the top of the hill,

And he marched them down again."

"Goodness me!" she whispered at last. Then she fell asleep.

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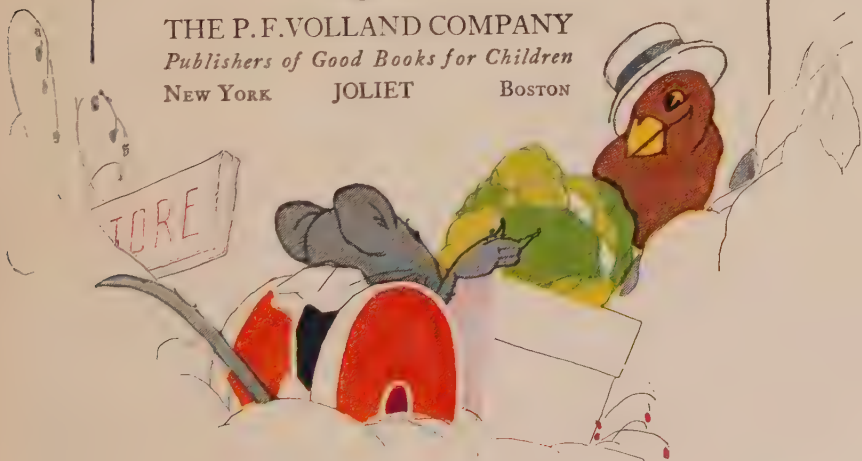
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